If euer he haue wife, let her be mad:
As miserable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe,
La. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by St. *Paul*,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.
Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, bulsh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwels.
Thy deed inhumaine and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
Oh earth, which this bloud drink'st, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

Or earth gape open wide, and eate
As thou didst swallow vp this goo
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath
Glo. Lady, you know no rules o
Which renders good for bad, bles
La. Villanne, thou knowst no law
No beast so fierce, but knowes som
Glo. But I know none, and theref
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils t
Glo. More wonderfull when Ang
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a w
Of these suppos'd euils to giue me
By circumstance but to acquite m
La. vouchsafe defused infection
For these knowne euils, but to giue
By circumstance to curse thy curse
Glo. Fairer then tongue can nam
Some patient leisure to excuse my
La. Fouler then heart can thinke
No excuse currant, but to hang th
Glo. By such dispaire I should ac
La. And by disparing shouldst th
For doing worthy vengeance on th
Which didst, vnworthy slaughter
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead
But dead they are, and diuelish slau
Glo. I did not kill your husband
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine b
La. In thy foule throat thou ly
Thy bloodly faulchion smoaking
The which thou once didst bend a
But that thy brother beate aside th
Glo. I was prouoked by her slan
Which laide their guilt vpon my
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy
Which neuer dreamt on ought: b
Didst thou not kill this King?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.50)